



So a little lady greets the new day—as glamorous to our mind without the make-up, the hair-dressing and the spot-lights as she was when she said “Good evening” to her audience the night before. See picture on the right.

and—
Good
Evening!



Remember her picture in our first issue while rehearsing? Here is Margot, Windmill Theatre fan dancer, as she is on the stage. Which picture of Margot do you like best?

MEET A MAN OF IRON

LIKE most other people, Mr. Sex has gone to war now. For 62 years he had been making door-knockers and fire-screens and other artistic wrought iron ornaments. Now he is making parts for naval craft, and his shop has seven anvils instead of two.

His is no ordinary blacksmith shop—it is ancient, yet it is modern; face-to-face with a century-old anvil is a shining new electric hammer. From the walls, intricate carvings, some of which were made 80 years ago by the father of Mr. Sex, look down upon shining tools and machine parts on the benches. The furnace has outlived several generations, but now it is electrically fanned. There are gas brackets hanging from the ceiling, though the shop is lighted by electricity.

For many, many years the shop produced farm implements and horse-shoes; gradually it changed over to more artistic wares, and now this, too, has been put aside, although Mr. Sex still manages to supply the needs of local farmers.

The shop is, of course, a dirty, smelly place; in the corner, where horses are shod, there is the usual heap of

The story of a village blacksmith who still finds time to shoe horses and mend farm implements, though he is mainly occupied on iron parts for naval craft.

By RONALD RICHARDS

manure; three yards away iron filings are ankle-high; in the doorway is a small mountain of slag from the furnace; here and there are puddles of rain-water that has poured in through the leaky corrugated iron roof; and throughout there is a crude stench, typical of all blacksmiths' shops.

To get to the office it is necessary to pass through this inferno, and a stranger would expect to find something on the lines of the American film version of an editor's office plus piles of metallic odds and ends and mountains of soot and grime.

It is not like that at all.

and now they know the business thoroughly. Ronald, the eldest son, specialises in welding and fitting; his brother, Arthur, also a skilful fitter and smith, is the chief designer—he designed the famous 12ft. high chancel screen gates made for the English Church at Montreaux, Switzerland, and a set of gates which won the diploma of the Worshipful Company of Blacksmiths in 1933.

Mr. Sex does not look very much like a blacksmith. He wears a neat fawn shirt and a brown tie, his nails are cut short, and his hair is tidy. He wears heavy boots like a navvy, and blue overalls like an electrician. He has gold-rimmed spectacles, which he perches on the tip of his nose, and his vision is considerably impaired by his long, shaggy eyebrows.

Mr. Sex still does a full day's work; in fact, he works on for several hours after his staff have gone home. He says it is his duty to work as long as physically possible because the future of England depends on the ships he helps to build.

“But sometimes,” he confessed, “I get very tired, and it makes me happy that my two boys know the business so well.”

Mr. Sex frequently works 14 or 15 hours a day, so it is understandable that he would feel tired sometimes, because he has long passed his three score and ten years, and his life has not been, is not, and will never be one of leisure, but one of hard, honest work, with few pleasures other than his family, his home and his work.

A mighty man is he—at his modern forge, and (Below)—Something attempted, something done in ironwork



Three of the walls are papered with newspaper cuttings and pictures of work produced in the shop. The other wall is covered by a blue-print of a world-famous set of gates. In the centre of the floor is an oak table; on it is a Remington typewriter which is facing a shining steel tube chair. There is a radio set in a corner, a waste-paper basket under the table, curtains at the windows—in fact, it is just like any office that is neat and tidy and well organised. It is only five yards from the furnace, but it might be as many miles.

Mr. Sex introduced his two sons into the business when they left school; they served a long and hard apprenticeship,

Fanatics have their dreams, wherewith they weave A paradise for a sect. John Keats.

The writers against religion, whilst they oppose every system, are wisely careful never to set up any of their own. Edmund Burke.

Open and obvious devotion from any sort of man is always pleasant to any sort of woman. Rudyard Kipling.

THEY SAY—Do you agree?

“There is a great deal of unnecessary hypocrisy in most of the talk about highfalutin ethical aims. Less sentimentality and humbug amongst the forces of ‘progress’ would leave a much higher proportion of effective practical action and common sense.”

Mr. Henry Leadbetter.

“The surplus industry which will result from replanning should be taken to new towns, and many existing small towns can be greatly improved both from a social and economic point of view by the addition of suitable industries and some population from the large congested areas.”

Lord Lytton.

“Tipping is an undemocratic system. Certain aspects of it verge on corruption. The system was invented in the time of serfdom and slavery to enable the rich to appear virtuous. It gave them an unfair advantage, and unscrupulous people took advantage of the system. The custom is degrading and demoralising, both to the tipped and the tipper.”

Rear-Admiral Beamish, M.P.

“Scholarship in the English-speaking countries must strive to supply at least tentative answers to the questions that men and women everywhere are asking concerning the ends of human existence.”

Professor John U. Nef.

“In the last 20 years we seem to have lost our spiritual leadership and our sense of mission. We cannot expect people to believe in something in which we have ceased to believe ourselves. Joseph Chamberlain and Kipling represented a definite stage in imperial development; both are dead, and so is the age they represented. But no one has taken their place.”

Captain L. D. Gammons, M.P.

“I see little to choose between capitalism and trade unionism; the latter is but the reverse of the coin. Both are vested interests.”

Mr. H. C. King.

“It is certainly, in the long run, an economy to build up a healthy nation. It is even more of a far-sighted economy to build up a healthy and vigorous family life and to avert the imminent disaster of a dwindling and ageing population which overhangs us.”

Mr. L. S. Amery, M.P.

It was an E.N.S.A. concert to a very poor house, barely thirty sailors, the majority of whom had come in the 3d. entrance. The play was approaching a climax, with the villain demanding £1,500 from the hero.

“And where,” asked the harassed hero, “am I going to get £1,500 from?”

Then up piped one of the “threepennies”: “Take it out of the gate-money, guv’nor.”

He was rather henpecked, so felt duty-bound to telephone his wife immediately he left his ship.

Unfortunately he had never used a ‘phone before, and, gingerly lifting the receiver, placed twopence in the box, waiting to see what would happen.

Plenty happened. A violent thunderstorm broke and lightning struck the wire, hurling him clean out of the kiosk.

“It’s marvellous,” he muttered. “That was the missus all right. Crikey, ain’t she in a temper, too!”

QUIZ for today

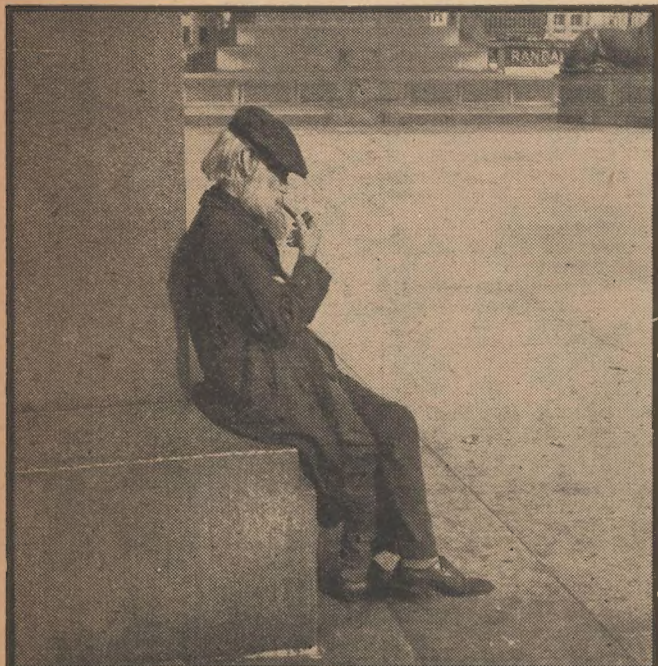
1. Where is the phrase, "Am I my brother's keeper?" found?
2. Where is the phrase, "The wind bloweth where it listeth," found?
3. Who had "a lean and hungry look"?
4. To what island was St. John exiled?
5. And who was Fatima?
6. A tabouret is a musical instrument; a low stool; a Persian market?
7. Who said, "The only way to get rid a temptation is to yield it"?
8. What is the full name of a William pear?
9. What is a Wrangler?
10. Where did Samuel Butler get the title "Erewhon"?

ANSWERS TO NAMESAKES QUIZ IN ISSUE No. 16.

- ALFRED.**
1. Alfred Drayton.
 2. King Alfred the Great.
 3. Alfred Hitchcock.
- CHARLES.**
1. Charlie Kunz.
 2. Charles Peace.
 3. Charlie Chaplin.
- DOUGLAS.**
1. Sir Douglas Haig.
 2. Lord Hailsham (Douglas Hogg).
 3. Douglas Byng.
- GEORGE.**
1. George Bernard Shaw.
 2. George Western.
 3. George Washington.
- JOSEPH.**
1. Lord (Joseph) Lister.
 2. Joseph Conrad.
 3. Josef Goebbels.
- ROBERT.**
1. Robert Louis Stevenson.
 2. Lord (Robert) Baden-Powell.
 3. Bobby Jones.
- THOMAS.**
1. Thomas Hardy.
 2. Sir Thomas Beecham.
 3. Tommy Woodruffe.

S	U	L	T	O	A	L
K	U	A	L	L	R	W
J	E	Z	C	A	C	D
V	W	A	R	R	O	W
B	A	C	K	U	O	E
S	E	S	T	D	R	K
P	P	A	Z	R	E	W

Here are the names of seven birds. The letters are in their correct columns, but not in their correct lines.



Give it a name

Let's have the best title your crew can devise for this picture.

CHAIR LEGS

By RONALD RICHARDS

A FAST-DYING craft, that dates back hundreds of years, is chair-leg making. Shortly before the war, four men were fully occupied with the work. Their home and factory was in the woods of Great Hampden (Bucks).

These men, Messrs. F. Ricksom, A. Ricksom, A. Randall and H. Tilbury, carried on with all the enthusiasm of beginners looking forward to prosperous development.

They formed a little co-operative community, with Mr. F. Ricksom (who was continuing a ninety-year-old family business) taking the lead only when necessary.

He acted as buyer of the wood and general salesman when stacks of legs were ready for disposal.

Each man worked in his own shack, using the primitive methods of the original leg-makers. Incidentally, they called themselves chair makers, although they produced only the legs, which are known as Windsor legs, because, centuries ago, they were first made in Windsor Park.

They had a carefully worked out system of production, each man specialising in his own department.

After the tree trunks had been sawn into logs of correct length they were split with an axe, thus preserving the straight grain which gives the legs their superior strength.

Using an axe again, the men chopped the spokes into rough-shaped legs, which were then turned in the lathe. This last process was the most astonishing of all, for the lathe was manipulated by a pedal pulling a rope which was fastened at the other end to a beech pole 20ft. long.

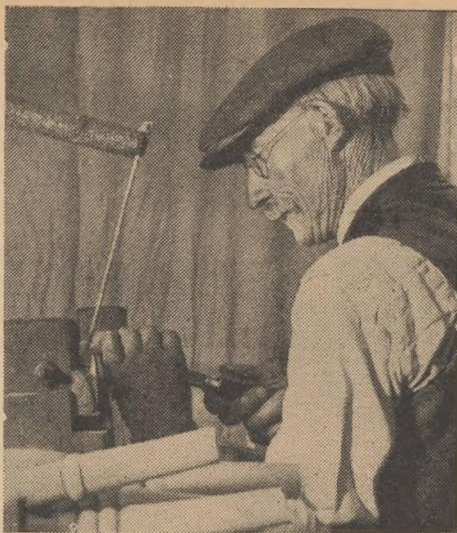
The rope was pulled around the leg, and as the pliant poles pulled upwards after it had been pulled down by the pedal, the rope clung to the leg in the lathe, turning it at great speed. At intervals water was thrown on to the rope to enable it to cling to the wood.

While working the pedal and turning the wood at a surprising speed, the craftsman used his knives with a



dexterity and skill that enabled him to turn out six dozen perfectly made legs every day.

The only fear of the men in this woodland community was that the time might come when their successors would be unable to carry on as they did—sublimely disregarding factory competition.



The industry needed legs to stand up. So these "chairmakers" produced the legs. (Left) Stacks from axe-hewn timber wait for the turner.

Take a Tip—with Captain Cuttle

MORE about the rules of your favourite games. You ought to get 75 per cent. right out of this lot.

FOOTBALL.

Question: What does the ball weigh? Answer: It must weigh between 14 and 16 ounces. That is, when the game starts. Question: What colour jersey does the goalkeeper for England wear against Scotland? Answer: Yellow. It's the only colour allowed for goalkeepers in our internationals. Question: What is the width of the goal? Answer: Eight yards. Question: How far away is the penalty spot? Answer: Twelve yards. Question: When a corner-kick is taken the ball hits the referee, drops at the feet of the centre-forward, who kicks it into the net. Is it a goal? Answer: Yes.

BOXING.

Question: In the sixth of a ten-round fight, the two boxers struck each other on the jaw simultaneously. Both fell and were counted out. Who won the fight, if anyone? Answer: This actually happened, and the referee gave the fight to the boxer who was leading on points.

CRICKET.

Question: The bowler appeals for l.b.w., and the umpire says "Not out." Then the wicket-keeper appeals for a catch off a snick. Can there be two appeals for the same delivery? Answer: Yes.

Question: Is a batsman allowed to play the ball twice? Answer: No. Question: Can he score? Answer: He is out if he attempts to do so.

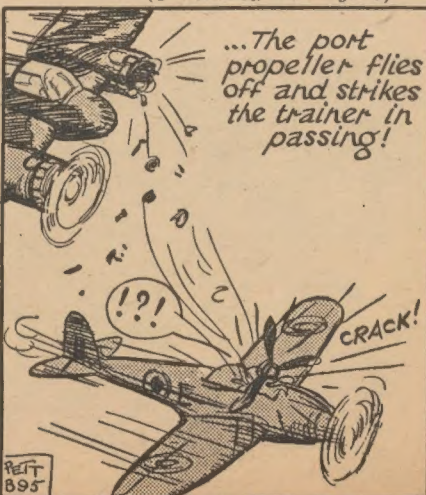
SOLO WHIST.

Question: What call overcalls Abundance. Answer: Open Misere, and that is overcalled by Royal Abundance, which means winning all thirteen tricks, and generally costs a round of drinks.

JANE



Before Jane can repeat her warning Bigwolf's "cracker" explodes!...



How to write Short Stories—7 "READ TO WRITE"

By C. GORDON GLOVER

THE soundest advice I can give to the aspiring writer of short stories is to tell him to become an enthusiastic reader of them. Technique can be acquired far more effectively by the study of it by the person concerned than by any number of "rules" that may be laid down for him by another party. Technique is always a professional business, and, so far as the writers of short stories are concerned, among the most capable professionals are such authors as Somerset Maugham, O. Henry, De Maupassant, Chekhov, Hardy, Saroyan, Bates, Blackwood, Gogol, De la Mare, and, of course, though there is no room to print them, the names of scores of others.

Apart from a study of these masters—a study which should be a joy in itself—it is necessary to read and to analyse the contemporary commercial short story whenever and wherever you see it. The reading of short stories as a means to the end of writing them should be conducted in the most analytical spirit possible. A writer may be forgiven for being influenced by a style, but never for copying an idea. If, in short, he is impressed by an Oppenheim story of a crook, a she-crook, an Ambassador, a crookier-crook, and a roulette table, it is not only foolish, but crooked, to write forthwith a story of a sneak-thief, a she-sneak-thief, and a commercial traveller, a sneakier-sneak-thief, and a Crown-and-Anchor board, changing the setting from Monte Carlo to Margate. Do not, in short, be influenced by the characters and situations of other people's fiction—learn the technique, and search out your own raw material.

Our story of the young man in the pavilion by the sea, meantime, is—drawing to its close. Already there is a slight shudder—the clock strikes in a room that has not been opened for fifty years. That, however, is not the climax. There is, after all, the girl who dared the young man to visit the pavilion about which he was sceptical. She is the climax, the sting in the tail of the tale. And here it comes, in the last paragraph, which describes how Cardew, after running in terror from the eerie occurrence of the striking clock, meets the girl after dinner: "She asked him in for coffee. He was humble when she shrugged and smiled at him. She was very lovely. Just then, thin and clear, and old, the clock upon her mantelpiece struck nine. 'I just had to teach you a lesson,' she said. 'You did brag, you know.'"

Ghostly clock comes to earth; human beings come to arms.

NEMO of the NAUTILUS

Adapted from the Novel by Jules Verne

THE next morning I went up on to the platform at the very moment that the mate was pronouncing his daily sentence. It then came into my mind that it had to do with the state of the sea, and that it signified "There is nothing in sight."

And, in fact, the ocean was quite clear. There was not a sail on the horizon. A large wave was regularly undulating its surface.

I was admiring this magnificent aspect of the sea when Captain Nemo appeared. He did not seem to perceive my presence, and began a series of astronomical observations.



In the meantime about twenty sailors from the Nautilus, strong and well-built men, ascended upon the platform. They came to draw in the nets which had been out all night. These sailors evidently belonged to different nations, although they were all of the European type. These men spoke very little, and only used the strange idiom of which I could not even guess the origin, so that I could not question them.

I reckoned that the haul had brought in more than nine hundred-weight of fish. It was a fine haul, but not to be wondered at. We should not want for food.

The fishing ended, and the provision of air renewed, I thought that the Nautilus was going to continue its submarine excursion, and I was preparing to return to my room, when, without further pre-

amble, the captain turned to me and said—

"Is not the ocean gifted with real life, professor! It is sometimes gentle, at other times tempestuous. Yesterday it slept as we did, and now it has awaked after a peaceful night."

Neither "Good-morning" nor "Good-evening!" It was as though this strange personage was continuing a conversation already commenced with me.

"True existence is there," added he, "and I could conceive the foundation of nautical towns, agglomeration of submarine houses, which, like the Nautilus, would go up every morning to breathe on the surface of the water—free towns, if ever there were any, independent cities! And yet who knows if some despot—"

Captain Nemo finished his sentence by a violent gesture, went towards the panel and disappeared down the ladder.

For days and weeks he was very sparing of his visits. I only saw him at rare intervals. His mate pricked the ship's course regularly on the chart, and I could always tell the exact route of the Nautilus.

Almost every day, during some hours, the panels of the saloon were opened, and our eyes were never tired of penetrating the mysteries of the submarine world.

The general direction of the Nautilus was S.E., and it kept between 100 and 150 yards depth. On the 26th of November, at 3 a.m., the Nautilus crossed the tropic of Cancer by long. 172 degs. On the 27th it sighted the Sandwich Islands, where the illustrious Cook

met his death. We had then made 4,860 leagues from our starting-point. In the morning, when I arrived on the platform, I saw, two miles to the windward, Hawaii, the largest of the seven islands which form this archipelago.

After leaving these charming islands protected by the French flag, the Nautilus sailed over 2,000 miles, and on the 11th of December we sighted the archipelago of Pomotou, the ancient "dangerous group" of Bougainville, which extends over a space of 500 leagues, from Ducie Island to that of Lazareffe.

These islands are of coral formation. They slowly but continuously rise by the work of the polypi, which will one day join them together. Then this new island will be joined to the neighbouring archipelagoes, and a fifth continent will stretch from New Zealand and New Caledonia to the Marquesas.

The day that I developed this theory before Captain Nemo he answered me coldly—

"The earth does not want new continents, but new men!"

On the 22nd of January we had made 11,340 miles from our point of departure in the Japanese seas.

Two days after crossing the coral sea we sighted the Papuan coasts. On this occasion Captain Nemo informed me that it was his intention to get into the Indian Ocean by Torres Straits. His communication ended there. Ned Land saw with pleasure that this route would take him nearer to the European seas.

The Torres Straits are considered no less dangerous on account of the reefs with which they bristle than

(Continued on Page 3)

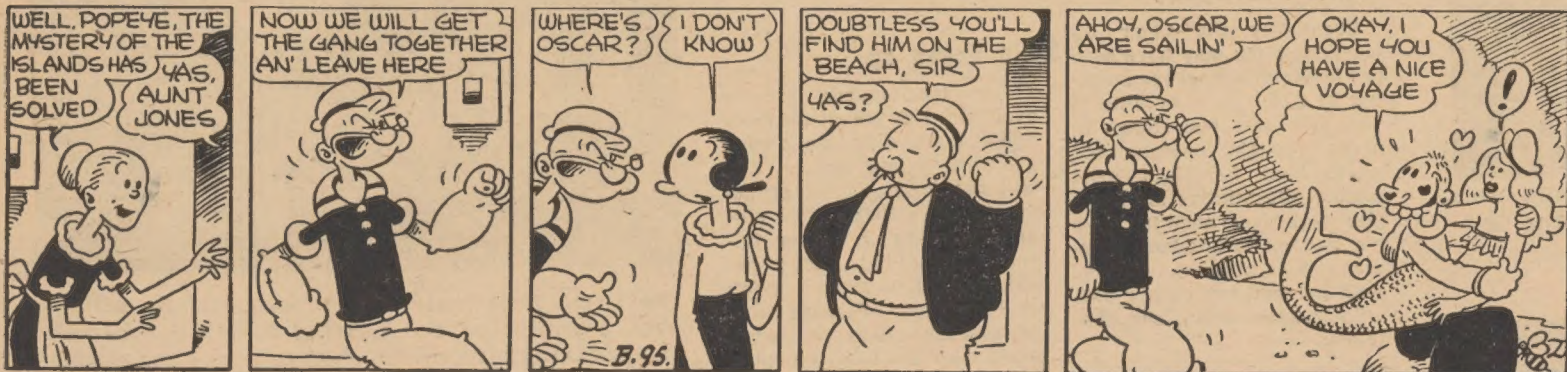
Beelzebub Jones



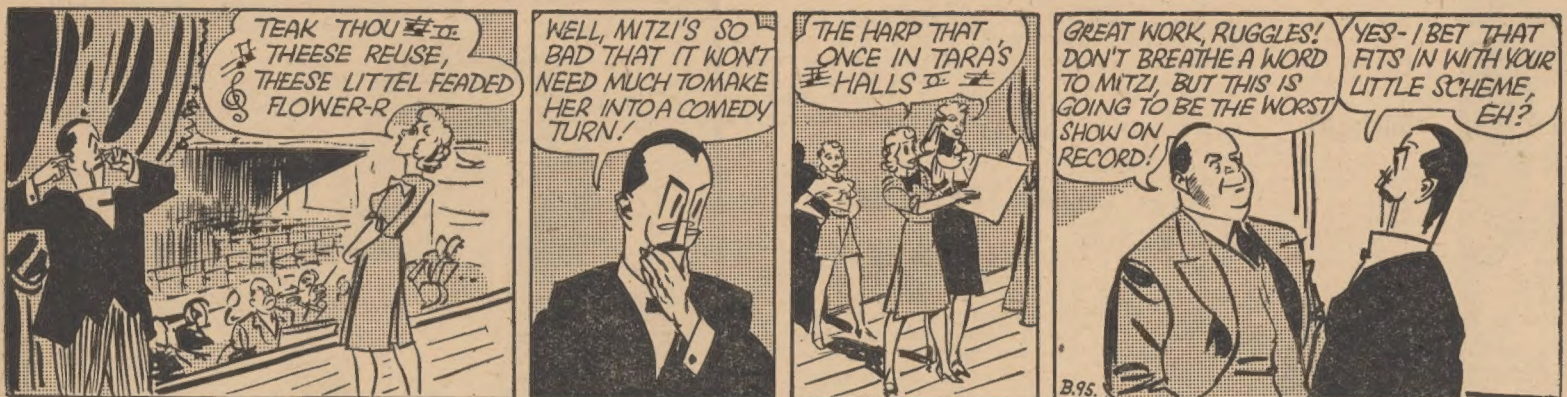
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Continued from Page 2.

because of the savage inhabitants who frequent their shores. They separate New Holland from the large island of Papua, named also New Guinea.

The Nautilus then entered the most dangerous straits on the globe, those that the boldest seamen dare scarcely cross. The Nautilus, however, superior to all dangers of the sea, was going to make the acquaintance of its coral reefs.

The Torres Straits are about thirty-four leagues wide, but it is obstructed by an innumerable quantity of islands, reefs, and rocks, which make its navigation almost impracticable. Captain Nemo consequently took every precaution to cross it. The Nautilus, on a level with the surface of the water, moved slowly along. Its screw, like the tail of a cetacean, slowly beat the billows.

Profiting by this situation, my two companions and I took our places on the constantly deserted platform. Before us rose the helmsman's cage, and I am very much mistaken if Captain Nemo was not there directing his Nautilush himself.

I had spread out before me excellent charts of the Torres Straits, and I consulted them with scrupulous attention.

Around the Nautilus the sea was furiously rough. The current of the waves, which was bearing from S.E. to N.W., with a speed of two and a half miles, broke over the coral reefs that emerged here and there.

"An ugly sea!" said Ned Land to me.

"Detestable, indeed," I answered, "and one that is not suitable to such a vessel as the Nautilus."

"That confounded captain must be very certain of his route," answered the Canadian, "for I see coral reefs which would break its keel in a thousand pieces if it only just touched them!"

The situation was indeed dangerous, but the Nautilus seemed to glide off the dangerous reefs as if by enchantment. It bore more northwards, coasted the Island of Murray, and came back south-west towards Cumberland Passage. I thought it was going to enter it, when going back N.W. it went amongst a large quantity of little-known islands and islets towards Sound Island and Mauvais Canal.

Captain steered for the Island of Gilboa. It was then three o'clock in the afternoon. The ebb tide was just beginning. The Nautilus approached this island, which I still think I see with its remarkable border of screw-pines. We were coasting at a distance of two miles.

Suddenly a shock overthrew me. The Nautilus had just touched on a reef, and was quite still, lying lightly to port side.

(Continued to-morrow)

G	A	B	E	S
J	A	F	F	A
G	E	N	O	A
M	A	L	T	A
H	A	I	F	A
T	U	N	I	S

SOLUTION TO YESTERDAY'S PROBLEM.

Answer to Round and Round Puzzle

The age of the monkey works out at 1½ years and the age of the mother is 2½ years, the monkey therefore weighing 2½lb. and the weight the same. Thus, the rope weighed 1½lb. (20ozs.), and as a foot weighed 4ozs., the length of the rope was five feet.

Answer to Word Ladder Puzzle

S O F T
s o r e
h o r e
h a r e
H A R D

F A S T
f i s t
l i s t
w i s p
W I S E

Commanding Officer: "Did you call the Chief a rogue, a liar, a highway robber, and a vagabond?"

A.B. Miller: "I did, sir."

C.O.: "And did you call him a 'double-dyed twister'?"

A.B. M.: "No, sir, I forgot that."

CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10				11				
12				13		14		
15				16		17		
18				19		20		
			21				22	
23		24					25	26
27	28			29		30		
31				32		33		
34						35		
36						37		

- CLUES ACROSS.
- 1 Extent.
 - 5 Fast hold.
 - 10 Exchanged for cash.
 - 11 Brown pigment.
 - 12 Persons.
 - 14 Commenced.
 - 15 Temper.
 - 17 Pulls hard.
 - 18 Paid when due.
 - 19 Big volumes.
 - 21 Leaden-coloured.
 - 24 Jewry.
 - 25 Not burning.
 - 27 Birds.
 - 29 Layer behind eye.
 - 31 Cook.
 - 33 Is morose.
 - 34 Gesture.
 - 35 Salad plant.
 - 36 Slumber.
 - 37 Bear.
- Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

R	I	G	S	C	H	A	T	S
P	A	R	L	O	U	R	I	M
O	D	O	U	R	I	M	A	G
L	I	N	T	E	L	S	I	R
L	A	S	T	L	I	F	T	E
T	E	R	A	S	E	S		
B	E	L	A	M	V	A	S	E
O	P	E	T	A	M	E	L	
A	P	A	R	T	A	R	E	N
R	E	V	O	L	T	S	P	I
S	W	E	D	E	T	I	T	L

- CLUES DOWN.
- 1 Province of India.
 - 2 Moved listlessly.
 - 3 Plain-spoken.
 - 4 Indolent.
 - 5 Wedge.
 - 6 Staggered.
 - 7 Boy's name.
 - 8 Jagged projection.
 - 9 Familiar flower.
 - 13 Silk fabric.
 - 16 Sutor.
 - 20 Units of length.
 - 21 Girl.
 - 22 Ship's coalbin.
 - 23 Benches.
 - 24 Item of crockery.
 - 25 Lubricant holder.
 - 26 Savoury.
 - 28 Fleece.
 - 30 Musical instrument.
 - 32 Summit.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

The girl who lives across the way—

A FEW years ago you might have seen her going to school—you might even have gone to Mitcham Elementary School with her. It is possible, too, that you went to the birthday parties of the brown-haired girl across the road.

If you cast your mind back you may recall that she had long legs and big, round, dreamy brown eyes. Like other girls, she grew up, and, like other girls, she used to take her boy friends home to meet mother and to have some tea on Sunday afternoon. Perhaps you were one of the boys. If you were, then you will remember that she always helped mother with the washing-up and that she usually supervised the feeding of the dog and cat.

Didn't like School

She didn't like school very much, and she left as soon as her parents permitted.

Eventually she started work, and you may have seen her leaving home every morning at 9.30. It is doubtful if you ever saw her return at night, though, because her work kept her late most nights. On Sunday mornings you might have seen her take her dog out to Mitcham Common. You might have gone with her and helped her pick wild flowers, which she does to-day.

On Saturday afternoon you no doubt saw her rushing off to the public baths with her costume and towel hung around her neck, and in the evening you were probably envious of her parents, whom she escorted to the cinema.

Blitz-girl

During the blitz on London you might have missed her for weeks on end, because she didn't get home very often. With her colleagues, she went

By
RONALD
RICHARDS

to sleep at work. If you did see her, however, she was probably with a Wing Commander, a boy friend whom she met during the blitz, and for whom she now knits socks, because he is a prisoner of war in Germany.

If you were to peep over the fence now you would probably see her digging in the garden. She and her mother do most of the heavy work, because her father had an operation recently and is not very strong.

If she wasn't gardening she would probably be practising with a bow and arrow—she is an excellent shot. If she was doing this, she would also be romping with her dog, because he likes to run after the arrows and chew them up.

She's Grown up

The long-legged, brown-eyed girl has grown up now. She has matured into a very beautiful young lady. She still has large, round, brown eyes, and they are still dreamy. She is a very talented young lady, too; she has, in fact, reached the top of her trade. Perhaps it is because she likes her work more than she liked school.

In spite of her fame, she is still the same sweet, unspoiled girl she used to be when you used to see her going to school. In fact, if you saw her on Saturday afternoons now, when she goes, ration book in hand and basket on arm, to Mitcham shops, you might say she hadn't changed at all.

CAN YOU GUESS

I could tell you a lot more about her; for instance, she is the Red Cross Penny-a-Week collector for her road; she also collects for the local War Savings Group, and she does most of the cooking at home.

You know of whom I am writing, don't you? If you haven't guessed, turn to page one.



She still greets the morning with a smile—this girl across the way—a smile as bright as the new-born sun itself.



She's a sun-lover to whom the call of the dewy garden, bathed in the first rays of sunlight, is irresistible.



She's still first astir—first down for the milk—with a smile for the passing neighbour before disappearing into the kitchen to make the morning cup of tea for the family.



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"'Sno use—she's got a dog—I haven't a cat's chance"



She is a dog-lover—how ardent is expressed in the happy eyes of "Gypsy"—the fortunate pet of the Girl Across the Way. "Gypsy" is usually in bed when she returns—but he is at the door before the key is turned in the lock.